

# ENGLANDS JOY

For the Coming in of our Gracious Soveraign  
King CHARLS the Second

To the Tune of, *A Joyful sight to see.*

Charles the Second.  
James Duke of York.  
Henry Duke of Gloucester.



Ring Bells, and let Bonfires eut-blaze the Sun,  
Let Ecches contribute their votes,  
For now a happy settlement's began,  
To shew hwo we do all rejoyce :  
If we by this  
Can have the bliss  
To re-infay a Unity,  
We'll do no more  
As heretofore,  
But will in mutual love increase,  
If we can once again have peace.  
How joyful shall we be.

The King shall his Prerogatives enjoy,  
The State their Priviledge shall have,  
He will not thirs, nor will they his annoy,  
But both each others strive to save :  
The people shall  
Turn loyal all

And strive t' obey his Majestey,  
And Truth and Peace  
Shall both increase,  
They'l be obedient to the Laws  
And hate that subtle name of Cause.  
Then joyful shall we be.

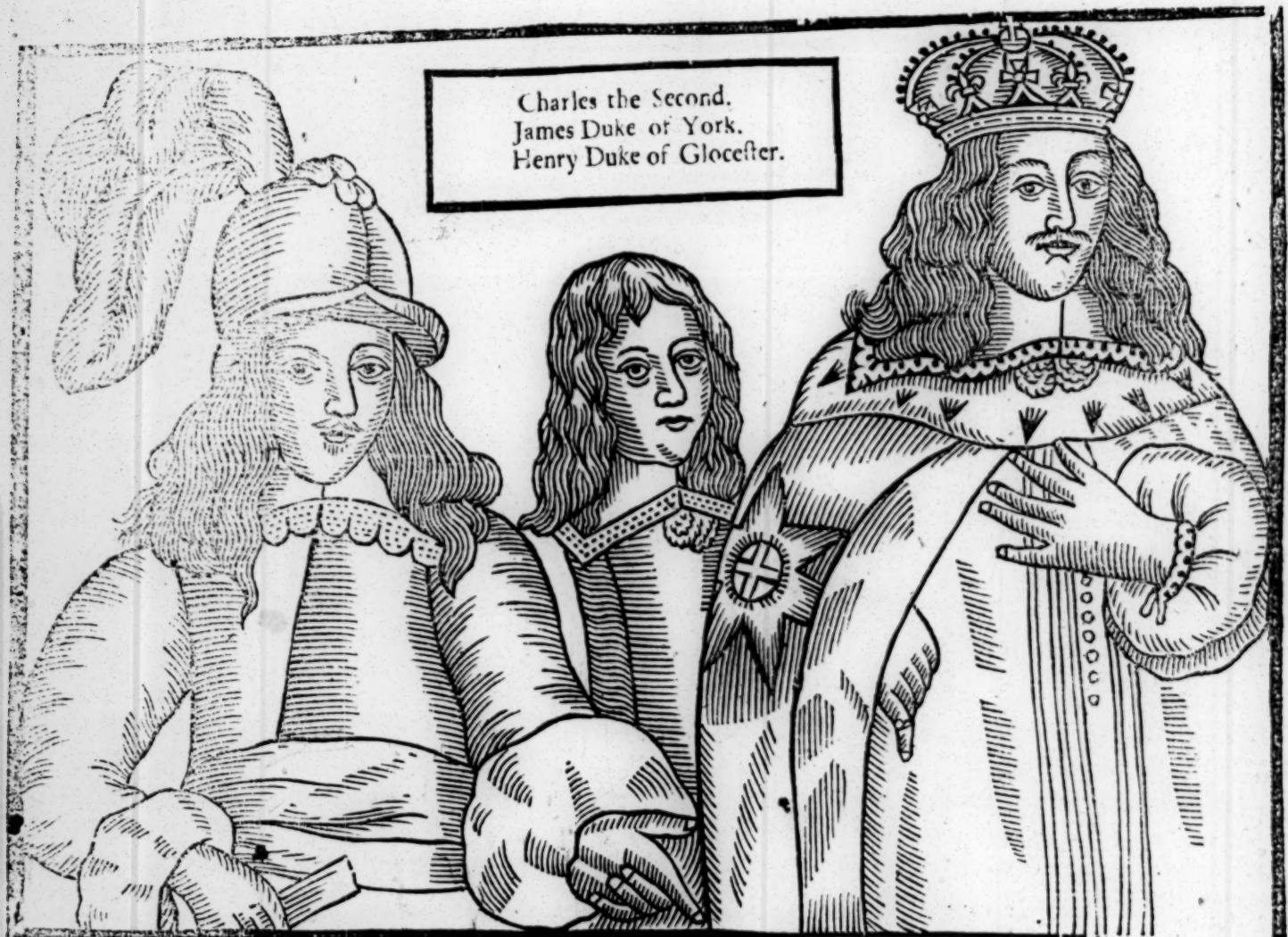
The Parliament will rise no more in arms,  
To fight against their lawful King,  
Nor be deluded by their factions charms  
That all the Realm to treason bring :  
They'l learn to vote  
No more by rote  
Nor pass their Bills ex tempore,  
But study peace  
And trades increase,  
Since now we finde it is not good  
To write the Kingdom peace in blood,  
But joyful shall we be.

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The second Part, to the same Tune.



**T**he Coblers shall not edise their Tubs,  
Nor in Divinity-set Sitches,  
We'l not b' instructed by Mechanick Scrubs,  
Women shan't preach with men for breeches :  
The prickeat' o' Tribe  
That won't subscribe  
Unto our Churches Hierarchy,  
Must England leave,  
And to Geneve,  
New England, or to Amsterdam,  
With all whom Church and State can't tame.  
Then joyful shall we be.

We'l toll no more to maintain Patentees  
That feed upon poor peoples trade,  
Star Chamber shan't vex guiltless men for fees,  
Nor Law to Vice for bribes be Bawd :  
The Bishops each  
Will learn to preach,  
Rich Clergy will not silent be,  
And Judges all  
Impartial,  
When Laws alike to all degrees,  
No sleeping Judges gape for fees.  
How joyful shall we be.

We'l fighting more for Jealousies, and fears,  
Nor spend our blood, we know not why ;  
The Roundheads shall shake hands with Cavaliers,  
And both for King and Countrey die :  
The Sword shall not  
Maintain a Plot  
For fear of Plots which ne're shall be,  
Nor will we kill  
Each other kill,  
To fight for those that are as far  
From Peace, as they will be from War.  
But joyful shall we be.

The broken Cits no more shall lick their Chops,  
Nor Wealth recruit with Countrey's Store,  
But lay down Arms, and keep within their Shops,  
And cry what lack you, as before :  
They'l turn agen  
Blow upon' o' men,

And leave their titles of degree,  
Nor will they prize  
Against Church and State,  
But change their feathers, flags, and dy  
For Items and for total Sums.  
How joyful shall we be.

We will not Garrisons of Lubbers feed,  
To plunder, drinck, and gather pay,  
While they lye gazing, and are both agreed  
To fetch our goods add us away ;  
And though they swear,  
We will not care,  
Nor to such Skowndrels servile be ;  
We will not stand  
With Cap in hand,  
Beeching them to let alone  
The goods which justly are our own  
But joyful shall we be.

Fanatick Troopers must go home agen,  
And humbly walk a foot to Plow,  
Nor domineer thus over honest men,  
But work to get their livings now :  
Or if their minde  
Be not inclin'd  
To leave their former knavery,  
A halter shall  
Dispach them all,  
And then the Gallows shall be made  
The high'st preferment of their trade.  
A joyful sight to see.

Let Roundheads shake these circumcized  
We'l ride about as well as they,  
Nor will we stand in fear of Cavaliers  
That sleep all night, and drinck all day :  
When we can fyde  
Both sides inclin'd  
To change their War for Unity,  
Or t'will be brave,  
If we can have  
The Freedom granted by our Charter,  
And scape from plunder, pay, and quartis  
How joyful shall we be.